THE

MUSICAL FORGET ME NOT

FOR

MDCCCXXXI.

EDITED BY

THOMAS MACKINLAY.

LONDON,

R. ACKERMANN, 96, STRAND.

G. RUSHALL SC.

THE

MUSICAL FORGET-ME-NOT,

A CABINET OF MUSIC AND POETRY,

FOR

MDCCCXXXI.

EDITED BY

THOMAS MACKINLAY.

Here are strains from many a land,
Cull'd for Beauty's fostering hand;
Here are flowers of every hue,
Fancy's gay parterre to strew;
Ballad, Song, and Roundelay,
To wile a leisure hour away.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN, 96, STRAND.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

CONTENTS.

SUBJECTS.	AUTHORS.	COMPOSERS.	PAGE.
The Wedding Ring	Miss Mitford	J. Addison	1
I'll come to Thee	Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson	T. Cooke	7
English Air	* * * *	J. B. Cramer	12
The Lady and the Pilgrim	Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson	Mrs. C. B. Wilson	15
I thought of Thee	Thomas Haynes Bayly	Thomas Mackinlay	21
There is a tide	Richard Ryan	E. Solis	24
Come gently down (Duet)	Harry Stoe Vandyk	John Barnett	31
Original Theme, with Variations	* * * *	Henri Herz	36
Ellen-a-Guin	R. J. Raymond	John Barnett	55
The Faithful Knight	Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson	John Parry	61
The Song of the Sea King (Glee)	J. R. Planche	Henry R. Bishop	66
The Heart that I gave to Thee	Thomas Haynes Bayly	Thomas Haynes Bayly	77
Air de Ballet	* * * *	T. Valentine	81
March	* * * *	J. Moscheles	85
Breathe me a Lay of old Romance	Miss Pardoe	George Linley	87
The Refusal	Thomas Mackinlay	G. Herbert Rodwell	95

EMBELLISHMENTS.

THE REFUSAL.

FRONTISPIECE.

Lithographed by L. HAGHE, from the original Picture by SHARPE.

THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT.

Designed and drawn on stone by G. CHILDS.—Page 60.

THE PRESENTATION PLATE.

Engraved by F. BARTOLOZZI.

THE WEDDING RING,

Composed by J. Addison.

we have ta'en a ten mile ride, To view the Goldsmith's store;

See, that gay brooch, that brace--let see, And that fine glit--t'ring

thing, And look! oh dear--er far to me, On this plain Gol--den

pp *mf*

Lento.

Ring... And look! oh dear--er far to me, On this plain Gol--den

pp *mf*

Lento.

Ring, On this plain Gol_den Ring....

cres. *f* *p*

f *p*

Nay An_nie! catch not back thy hand, Nor

turn a_way thine eye; Nor hang thy head, nor bash_fu' stand, As

the whole world were by... There's none to scare my trembling dove, Or

her sweet shame to see... Ay that's the ve--ry fin--ger, Love! And

that's the Ring for me..... Ay that's the ve---ry fin--ger, Love! And

that's the Ring for me, And that's the Ring for me.....

THE WEDDING RING.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Nay, Annie, start not thus aside,
Nor strive to reach the door,
When we have ta'en a ten-mile ride
To view the goldsmith's store;
See that gay brooch, that bracelet see,
And that fine glittering thing,
And look—oh, dearer far to me!
On this plain golden ring.

Wilt thou not look?—Nay, shrink not sweet,
Nor turn thine eyes away:—
What canst thou see in yon dull street
And this no market-day?
Two children toddling home from school,
Link'd gravely hand in hand,
An old wife perch'd upon a stool
Beside her apple stand;

A burly burgess, grand of pace
As vessel under sail;
A band-box'd miss, all smirk and grace,
With flounce, and scarf, and veil:
And, as I live, on spavin'd steed,
Our vicar, spare and wan;—
Full soon may we his reverence need,
Heaven shield the worthy man!

Nay, Annie, catch not back thy hand,
Nor turn away thine eye,
Nor hang thy head, nor sidling stand
As the whole world were by;
There's none to scare my trembling dove,
Or her sweet shame to see—
Ay, that's the very finger, love,
And that's the ring for me.

I'LL COME TO THEE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

I'LL come to Thee! in our secret bow'r,
When closed is the petal of bud and flow'r;
I'll come to Thee! when the rippling rill
Alone is heard, and the hamlet still;
When stars hang thick on the brow of night,
And Heav'n with their thousand fires is bright;
When the toil-worn hind as his lord is free—
Hope of my Heart! then I'll come to Thee!

I'll come to Thee! when this wearied breast,
By the toils of the busy day oppress'd,
Longs to throw off its weight of care,
And the balm of a kindred mind to share!
To find one shrine by the world unstain'd,
ONE Heart that has true to its faith remain'd,
'Mid the chills and the blights that in life I see—
Light of my Life! then I'll come to Thee!

I'LL COME TO THEE!

Composed by T. Cooke.

Voce.

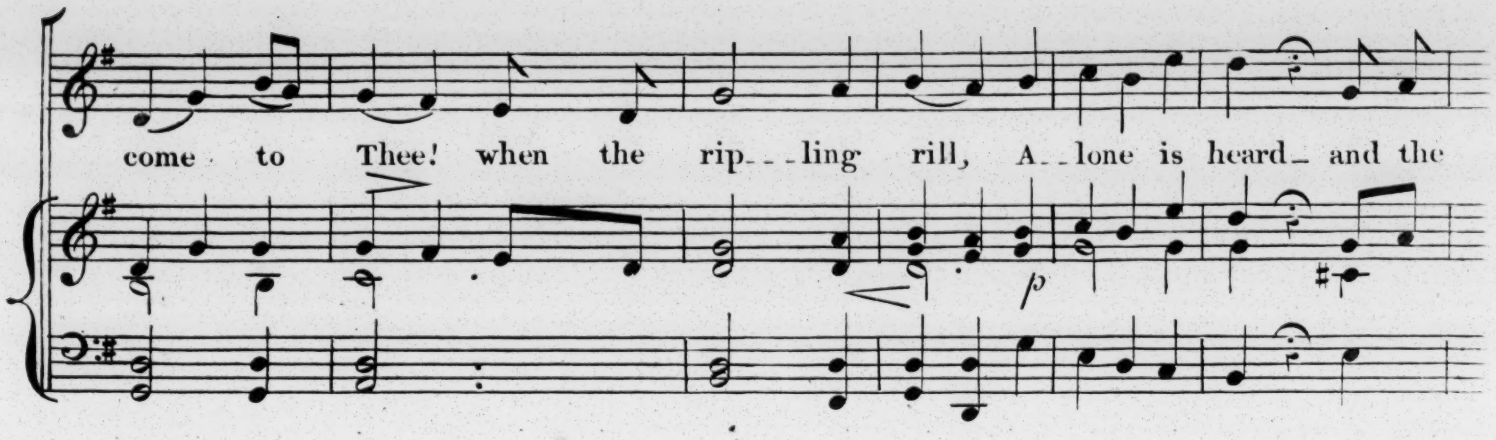
Andante.

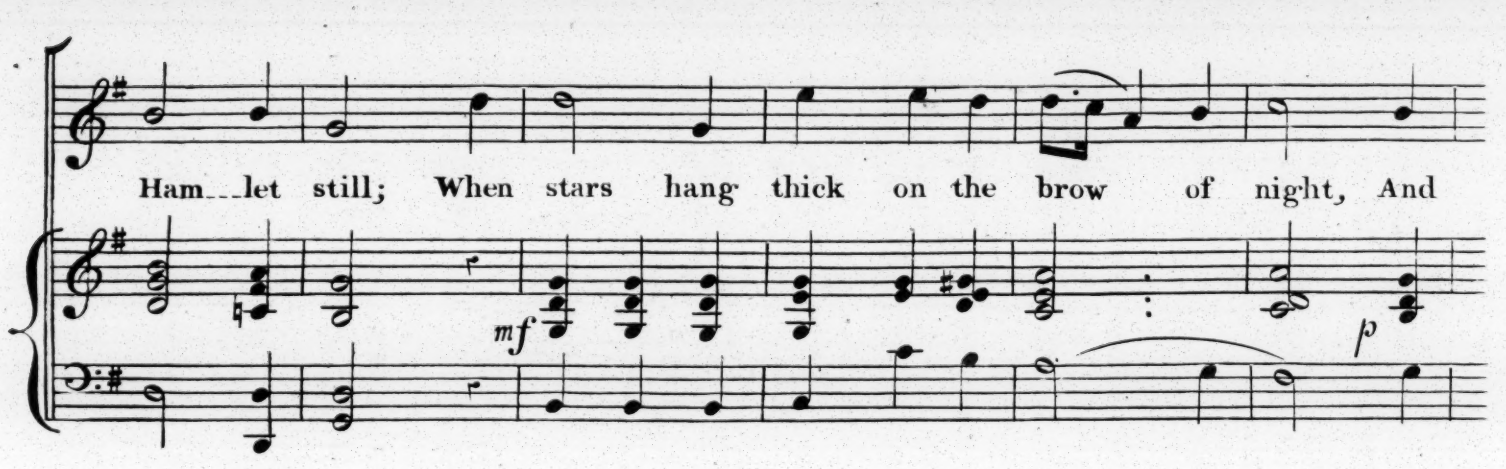
Piano Forte.

p **Dolce.**

I'll come to Thee! in our se---cret

bow'r, When clos'd is the pe---tal of bud and flow'r; I'll


come to Thee! when the rip___ling rill, A__lone is heard_ and the


Ham___let still; When stars hang thick on the brow of night, And
mf
p
Heav'n with their thou____sand fires is bright, When the toil____worn

Hind as his Lord.... is free, Hope of my heart then,
Cres.
Dim.
p

then I'll come to Thee! Hope of my heart then I'll come to

Cres.

p

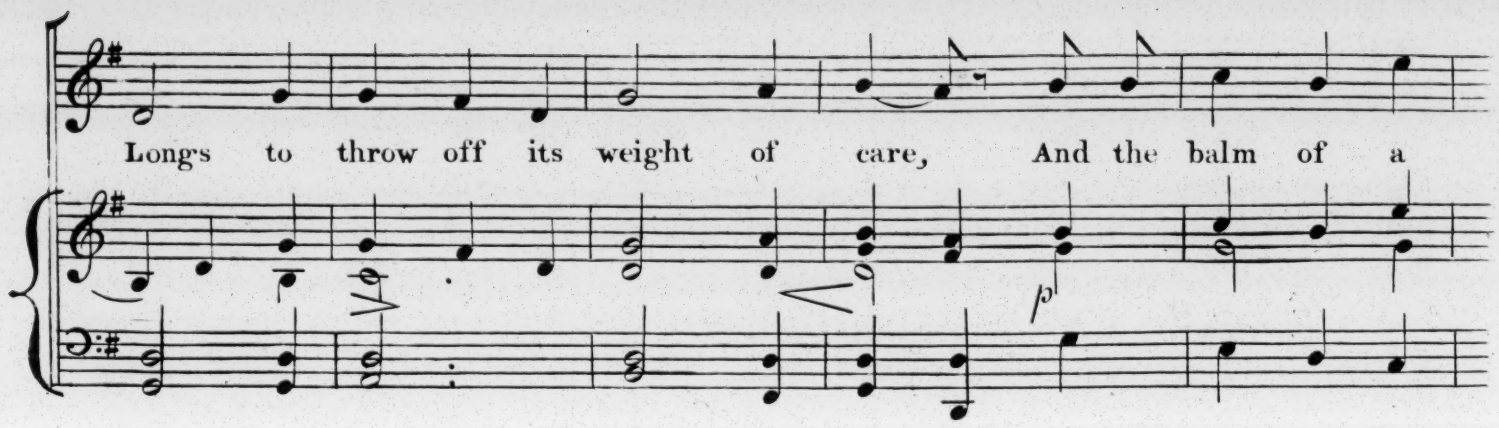
Thee! Hope of my heart then..... I'll come to Thee!

hr

I'll come to Thee! when this

p

wea--ried breast, By the toils of the bu-----sy day... op---press'd;


Longs to throw off its weight of care, And the balm of a

kin---dred mind to share! To find one shrine by the

world un----stain'd, One Heart that has true to its faith re----

-----main'd; 'Mid the chills... and the blights that in Life.... I

see, Hope of my heart then, then I'll come to Thee!

Dim.

p

Hope of my heart then I'll come to Thee! Hope of my

p

3

heart then. . . . . I'll come. . . . to Thee!

fr

ENGLISH AIR.

Arranged by J. B. Cramer.

rf

rf

tr

Allegro.

THE LADY AND THE PILGRIM.

Composed by Mrs C. B. Wilson.

I haste through the night to Saint Ma---ry's famd shrine, While the

tapers burn bright and the ves--tal lamps shine, Check not my stay, I

Diminuendo------

may not de--lay, A---way! a---way!"

f

"La--dy that cheek Blushes of Love, The

p

saint whom you seek, Waits in the grove, I saw his dark eye as I

pass'd on my way, I heard his fond sigh at the maidens de---lay,

Dim:

Thus Love doth say, Youth will de---cay, A-----way! a----way!"

f

"Fa--ther for---give, The false-hood so bold, And thy shrine while I

live, Shall ne--ver lack gold!" From his tress--es so bright the

Palmer's hood thrown, Fair E--dith's true knight in the Pilgrim is shown, Joy

Dim:

laughs in his eye, Love breathes in his sigh, His sigh, his sigh.

f

THE LADY AND THE PILGRIM.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

" WHITHER so fast,
Oh! Lady fair?
Chill is the blast,
The dew gems thine hair."
" I haste thro' the night
To St. Mary's shrine,
While the tapers burn bright,
And vestal lamps shine;
Check not my stay,
I may not delay—
Away!—away!"

" Lady! that cheek
Blushes of love!
The SAINT whom you seek
Waits in the grove!
I saw his dark eye
As I pass'd on my way;
I heard his fond sigh
At the Maiden's delay!
Thus Love doth say
Youth will decay—
Away!—away!"

" Father! forgive
The falsehood so bold!
And *thy* shrine while I live
Shall never lack gold!"
From his tresses so bright
The Palmer's hood thrown
Fair EDITH's true knight
In the Pilgrim is known!
Joy laughs in his eye!
Love breathes in his sigh!
His sigh!—his sigh!

I THOUGHT OF THEE!

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I THOUGHT of Thee, when o'er the sea
My vessel flew before the wind,
Though mem'ry brought no trace of ought
Save chilling frowns and words unkind!
Too well I knew my last adieu
Had caused no sad regrets for me,
Yet when the shore was seen no more,
I thought of Thee! I thought of Thee!

I thought of Thee when over me
Unheeded blew the wintry blast,
My fancy roved to scenes I loved,
In happy years for ever past:
While others slept I often wept,
And gazed upon the dreary sea;
And all the night, till dawning light,
I thought of Thee! I thought of Thee!

I THOUGHT OF THEE!

Composed by Thomas Mackinlay.

trace of ought, Save chil_ling frowns, and words unkind; Too well I knew My

Lento. tempo.

last a_dieu, Had caus'd no sad re_grets for me; Yet when the shore Was

Lento. tempo.

seen no more, I thought I thought of Thee! I thought I thought of Thee!

f

I thought of Thee, When

p

o..ver me Un..heeded blew the win..try blast, My fan..cy rov'd To

scenes I lov'd, In hap..py years for e...ver past; While o...thers slept I

Lento. tempo.

of..ten wept, And gaz'd up..on the drea..ry sea, And all the night Till

Lento. tempo.

dawning light, I thought I thought of Thee! I thought I thought of Thee!

f

THERE IS A TIDE.

Composed by E. Solis.

rays of sunshine o'er it glide, And gild it and are gone: And

ro___ses on its bo____som sigh, And tempt___ing sweets are

Soft.

lain; And if we let them pass us by, They

ne___ver come a___gain, And ro___ses on its bosom sigh, And

tempting sweets are lain; And if we let them pass us by, They

Caden:

or or

never come a---gain, They never come a----gain.

Cres:

Ped:

There

ff

is a tear, a bit-ter tear, That sor--row saves for those, Who've

spurn'd each treasure bright and dear, That on Life's cur...rent rose: And

mem'ry brings them back a dream Of sweets that sued in

vain, For them to cull from Life's bright stream, But pass'd_ne'er

came a...gain. And mem...ry brings them back a dream Of

sweets that sued in vain, For them to cull from

Life's bright stream, But pass'd, ne'er came a---gain, But

or

Caden:

pass'd, ne'er came a----- gain.

or

Cres:

Ped:

ff

THERE IS A TIDE!

BY RICHARD RYAN.

"There is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."—SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is a tide—a flowing tide
That hurries swiftly on,
And rays of sunshine o'er it glide,
And gild it and are gone;
And roses on its bosom sigh,
And tempting sweets are lain,
And if we let them pass us by
They never come again!

There is a tear—a bitter tear,
That sorrow saves for those
Who've spurn'd each treasure bright and dear
That on life's current rose;
And memory brings them back a dream
Of sweets that sued in vain
For them to cull from life's bright stream,
But pass'd—ne'er came again.

COME GENTLY DOWN.

BY HARRY STOE VANDYK.

COME gently down, awhile
Like noiseless dew descending,
When day's departing smile
With twilight tints are blending;
Flowers perfume shall shed
Where'er thy footsteps tread,
And trees their verdant branches spread
From dews to shelter thee;
The winds of the day
Are dying away,
Then come, oh! come to me!
Whilst we wander thro' the grove,
Or the tranquil river seek,
Nought but stars shall see us love,
Nought but Echo hear us speak.

COME GENTLY DOWN,

DUET,

Composed by John Barnett.

Andantino

Con Anima.

1st Voce. Come gent--ly down a-while, Like noiseless dew des---cen---ding;

2nd Voce. Come gent--ly down a-while, Like noiseless dew des---cen---ding;

Pianno Forte.

When day's de----par---ting smile, With twi-light tints are blen----ding:

When day's de----par---ting smile, With twi-light tints are blen----ding:

Cres.

Flow'rs..... per--fume shall shed, Where-'er..... thy foot--steps tread, And

Flow'rs..... per--fume shall shed, Where-'er..... thy foot--steps tread, And

trees their verdant branches spread, From dews to shel---ter thee.... The

trees their verdant branches spread, From dews to shel---ter thee.... The

winds of the day are all dying a---way, Then come, Oh! come to me....

winds of the day are all dying a---way, Then come, Oh! come to me....

Whilst we wan--der thro' the grove,

Or the tran--quil ri----ver seek,

Nought but stars shall see us, love,

Nought but e----cho hear us speak:

Come gent--ly down a-while, Like noise-less dew des----cen-----ding,

Come gent--ly down a-while, Like noise-less dew des----cen-----ding,

When day's de---par--ting smile With twi---light tints are blen----ding;

When day's de---par--ting smile With twi---light tints are blen----ding;

Trees shall their ver--dant branches spread, From dews to shel-ter thee... The

Trees shall their ver--dant branches spread, From dews to shel-ter thee... The

winds of the day are all dying a--way, Then come, Oh! come to me... The

winds of the day are all dying a--way, Then come, Oh! come to me... The

Poco Piu Allegro.

winds of the day are all dy--ing a-----way, Then come, Oh! come to

winds of the day are all dy--ing a-----way, Then come, Oh! come to

ff *pp*

me..... The winds of the day are all dy--ing a----way, Then

me..... The winds of the day are all dy--ing a----way, Then

Adagio.

come, Oh! come to me.

come, Oh! come to me.

Adagio.

ORIGINAL THEME,

with

Variations,

Composed by H. Herz.

sempre piano.

poco cres:

dim.

espress: pesante.

cres: e sempre.

più rallen tan do.

sempre

In Tempo

p. legato.

p. marcato.

f

p

f

p

f

p

p

f

p

ral - - - - len - - - tando.

In tempo, Animato.

espres.

dim.

p. sotto voce.

Cres.

sf Con forza.

Ped.

mf smorz.

* p lusingando.

Ped

p

* Ped.

Cres - - - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - - - do.

* sf Con passione.

sf> sf>

p

Sempre più dolce e rallent.

segue.

Allegretto Simplice ♩=104.

Tema.

p dolce.

Dolente espressivo.

mf

mf

Rallentando.

In Tempo.

p dolce.

Ped

p

Ritornello.

Ped.

*pp

sempre piano.

Ped

*Ped

*

Ped

* Ped

poco dim.

Più mosso ♩=144.

Var. 1.

p 3 3 Leggiero assai

Cres.

Ped.

ten.

mf p Sempre leggiero.

ten.

poco rallentando.

In Tempo.

p Ped.

Ped. cres.

8

ten.

mf ten.

Ritornello.

p

Ped

Ped.

Ped.

Ped

cres

p

calando.

Con vivacito ♩=152

Var. 2.

p Ped.

p

Ped.

Dim.

Ped.

Cres.

dim.

Ped.

loco.

p

sf Ped.

mf

Molto cres.

8va

mf

Ritornello.

f

sf

f Ped

Ped

Ped. Ped. sf

Andantino Cantabile ♩=100.

Var. 3.

mf Espressivo piacevolemente. *pp*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

mf *pp*

Cres.

Ped. Ped. *pp*

con fuoco.

Ped. *pp* Ped. *f* Ped.

f

dolente.

sf *p*

Ped.

p

poco a poco cres. e

ritenuto.

Ped. *hr*

F

Leggieramente.

Ped.

loco.

p egualamente.

Cres decres rallent.

In Tempo.

mf Espressivo.

Ped. Ped. pp Ped.

p Ped. Cres.

Dim.

morendo.

1st

2d

rallen.

pp Ped

pp

Attacca.

Vivo con fuoco ♩=132.

Var. 4.

Ped. Ped. Ped. loco. loco. Ped. Ped. Ped. Scherz.

mf Marcato. sf p delicato.

Con forza loco. loco. Ped. Ped. Ritornello.

Cres. Ped.

Brillante ♩=116.

Var. 5.

p Leggiero assai.

Ped.

loco

dim.

Ped.

Ped.

cres.

Ben marcato.

Ped.

Con forza.

dim

loco

Leggiero.

Ped.

loco.

dim

Ped. Ped. Cres.

Ritornello.

Ped. f Con fuoco. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

p poco a poco cres. f sf f

♩=112. Sotto Voce.

Tempo di Marcia

p

Sempre piano.

rallentando. p espres. dolente.

Tempo

pesante

f risoluto e ritenuto. p il più presto possible.

Ped.

In Tempo.

f con forza.

sf

pp sotto voce.

Molto cres.

sf

3

3

ff Marcatiss.

sf

Sempre.

3

3

3

3

ff

Animato.

p Sotto voce.

ten.

ten.

p

Sempre piano.

Sempre Accelerando.

poco a poco. *sf* Cres. *sf*

ten.

staccato.

Sempre

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

f

Ped.

sf

8va

loco.

Dim in uen do.

p Ped:

p sempre più rallentando.

pp

Allegretto ♩=116.

Finale.

p

Dolce.
Ped:

Ped:

1st

2d

Espres: sf

p

rf

rf.

pp leggiero.

rf.

rf.

rf

Dim:

Cres:

f

Dim:

In Tempo.

rallen?

Dol:
Ped:

Ped:

poco cres:

8va

loco.

sf

Ped:

leggiero.

Cres:

Cres:

Dim:

Cres:

f

p scherz:

f

Cres:

F

f Ped: f con fuoco. sf sf f

sf sf sf> sf sf sf sf sf sf

sf> sempre più cres: f

sf sf sf sf Ped: sf sf

8va loco. sempre più f

sf Ped: sf> sf

8va

sf sf sf sf

Dim: Ped:

p giocosamente.

mf

Ped:

Espres: dolente.

p

Ped:

p ben tenuto.

poco a poco cres:

dim:

p dolce.

pp

Ped:

Ped: mf

mf

p

mf

mf

p

mf

p

sf

p

leggiero.

marcato.

Ped:

sf

sf

Cres:

sempre.

sf sf sf sf

Ped:

8va

loco.

f con fuoco.

Ped:

p tranquillo.

p

mf

mf

espres: dolenle.

mf

sf sf sf sf sf sf

sempre cres:

8va

sf sf sf sf ff

Ped:

loco.

Dim:

p

Ral ____ len ____ tan ____ do.

Tempo Imo

p

Dolce

Ped: Ped:

8va

p mf p sf

Ped:

poco cres:

Leggiero. *p* Cres.

dim. *p* Cres.

f *f* Pedale sino al fine. *p* Cres.

8 piu cres.

loco *ff* *ff* Fine.

ELLEN A-GUIN.

Composed by John Barnett.

Andantino semplice ed animato.

Voce.

Piano Forte.

The

mother gang'd a---long the lea, And the father follow'd the pleugh, When

El--len-A-Guin, that lassie so free, Came forth in her plaid of blue; Laird

Ro_bert es_ _pied her at the door, Where sweet_briar tangles the way, And

Mezzo.

mo_ny a bird in her nest se_ _ _cure, Warbles her lovelorn lay.

Mezzo.

"Come forth he cried!" my

las_ _ _sie sweet, And the moon shall light us clear, And the mos_sy rock shall

be our seat, And the blue-bell deck my dear; Then forth she gang'd the

Mezzo.

las--sie sweet, And the moon she lit them clear, And the mos--sy rock was

made their seat, And the blue-bell deck'd his dear.

Mezzo.

Colla tenerezza.

But, ah! she gang'd with luck--less fate, The

p f p

moon bedim'd... her horn; A ser---pent lurk'd in the møs--sy seat, And the

blue-bell held a thorn: The false laird fled and El--len a-woke, As

Mezzo.

from a fear---ful dream, "Oh! mother! oh! father," she shriek'd, Then plung'd In

Piu Lento.

Yarrow's sil----ver stream.

ELLEN A-GUIN.

A BALLAD.

BY R. J. RAYMOND.

THE auld mother gang'd along the lea,
And the father follow'd the pleugh,
When Ellen A-Guin, that lassie so free,
Came forth in her plaid of blue:
Laird Robert espied her at the door,
Where sweet-briar tangles the way,
And many a bird, in her nest secure,
Warbles her love-lorn lay!

"Come forth," he cried, "my lassie sweet,
"And the moon shall light us clear;
"And the mossy rock shall be our seat,
"And the blue-bell deck my dear."
Then forth she gang'd, the lassie sweet,
And the moon she lit them clear;
And the mossy rock was made their seat
And the blue-bell deck'd his dear.

But, ah! she gang'd with luckless fate!
The moon bedimm'd her horn;
A serpent lurk'd in the mossy seat,
And the blue-bell held a thorn!—
The false Laird fled, and Ellen awoke
As from a fearful dream;
"Oh mother! oh father!" she shriek'd, then plung'd
In Yarrow's silver stream!

THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT.

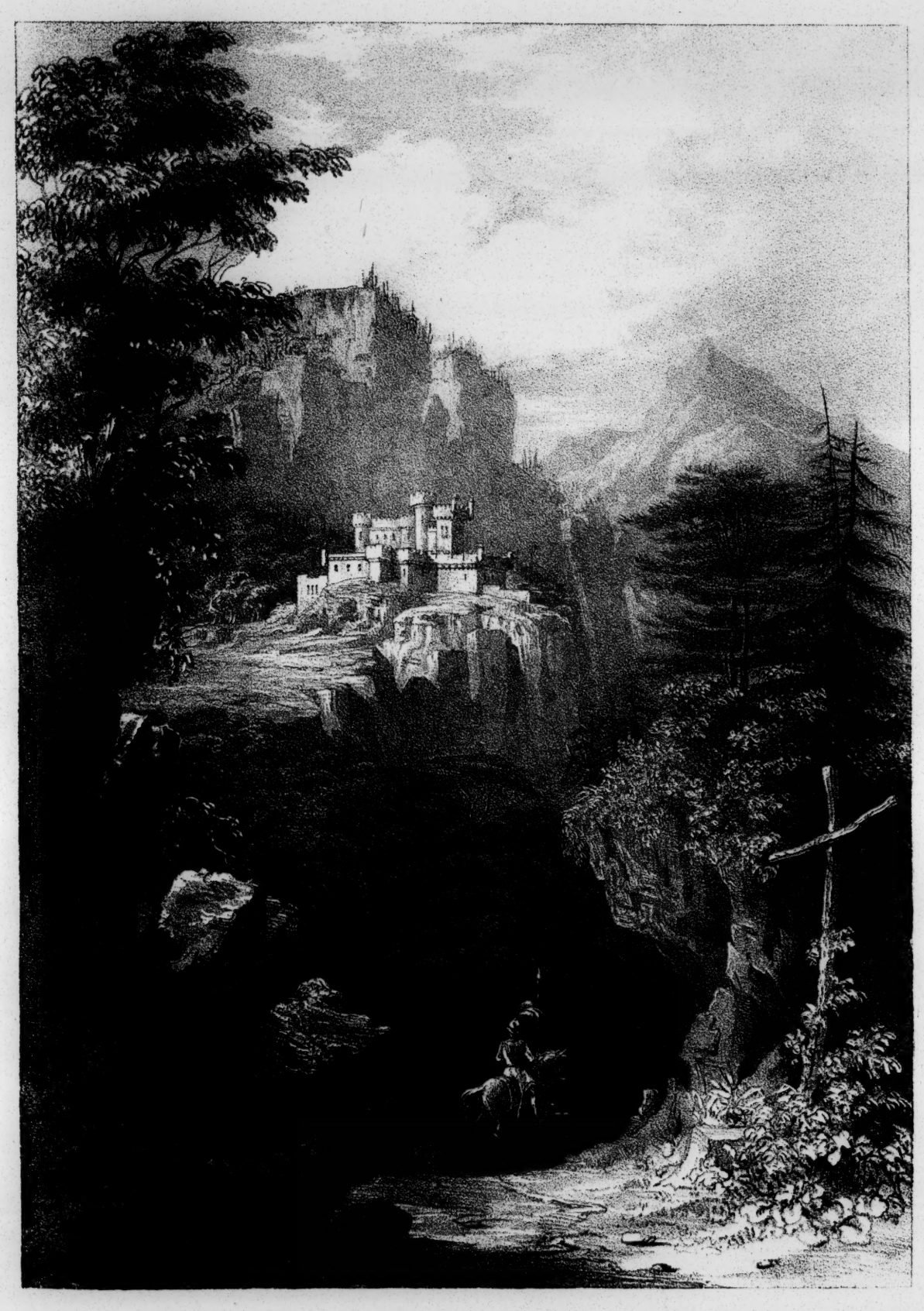
BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

In her lone bow'r a Maiden stood
When Evening shed her tears of light;
She look'd around on grove and wood
That 'neath the moonbeam slumber'd bright!
She gazed upon each sparkling star
That gem-like studded Heaven's blue way,
And thought on him she deem'd afar,
Who told his love beneath their ray!

She sigh'd, " He is a belted Knight,
" While I a simple Maid am seen;
" How could I think his fame he'd blight
" And choose a Bride of rustic mien?
" The drooping Lily on his shield
" My fitting emblem well may be,
" The Rose his own—in Glory's field
" The pride of war and chivalrie!"

Deem him not false! that gallant Knight!
Fast hast'ning to the maiden's bower;
He leaves the Castle's battled height,
He leaves the scenes of pride and power!
Before yon gray and ruin'd shrine
And broken Cross, upon his knee,
He's sworn by knighthood's blazing sign
Queen of his vassals she shall be!

He leaves his valiant Comrades far,
His courtly mates and Banquet hall,
To follow by Love's guiding star
The Maid who holds his heart in thrall;
His gage and troth-plight to redeem
He throws the pomps of War aside,
And with the morning's rising beam
He'll claim and wed his Village Bride.



THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT.

Proof

Designed and drawn on Stone by G Childs

Printed by Engelmann, Graf, Coindet & Co

Published by Goulding, and D'Almaine 20. Soho Square

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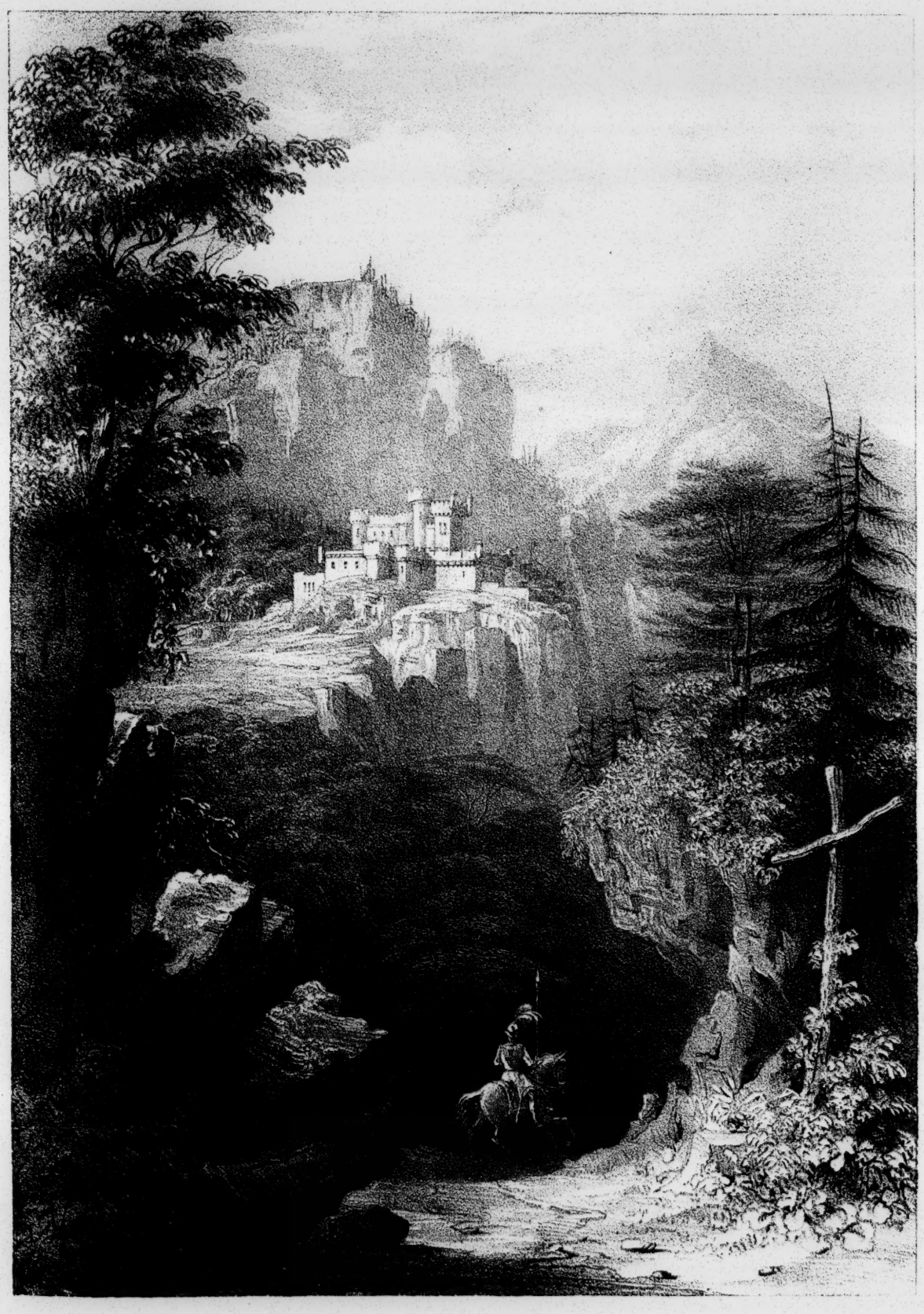
And thought on him she deem'd afar,
Who told his love beneath their ray!

She sigh'd, " He is a belted Knight,
" While I a simple Maid am seen;
" How could I think his fame he'd blight
" And choose a Bride of rustic mien?
" The drooping Lily on his shield
" My fitting emblem well may be,
" The Rose his own—in Glory's field
" The pride of war and chivalrie!"

Deem him not false! that gallant Knight!
Fast hast'ning to the maiden's bower;
He leaves the Castle's battled height,
He leaves the scenes of pride and power!
Before yon gray and ruin'd shrine
And broken Cross, upon his knee,
He's sworn by knighthood's blazing sign
Queen of his vassals she shall be!

He leaves his valiant Comrades far,
His courtly mates and Banquet hall,
To follow by Love's guiding star
The Maid who holds his heart in thrall;
His gage and troth-plight to redeem
He throws the pomps of War aside,
And with the morning's rising beam
He'll claim and wed his Village Bride.



THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT

Designed and drawn on Stone by G Childs

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THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT.

Composed by John Parry.

look'd a------round.... on grove.... and wood, That 'neath the moon----beams

slum--ber'd bright: She gaz'd.... up---on..... each spark---ling

p dim. Flute.

dolce.

star... That gem-like studded Heav'n's... blue way, And thought of

p

him she deem'd a-------far... Who told his love..... be---neath their

colla voce.

ray.... Deem him not false!.... that gal_____lant

cres. dim.

Knight, Fast hast'_ning to the Mai____den's bow'r, He leaves the

cres.

Cas_____tles bat_____tled height, He leaves the scenes.... of pride and

f f cres.

pow'r! Be___fore.... yon grey and ru_____in'd shrine, And

p

bro--ken Cross up----- on his knee, He's sworn, when mor---ning's

f

sun--beams shine, Queen of his Vas------sals she shall be....

He leaves his gal------lant com-----rades far.... His

p

cres.

court--ly mates and ban------quet hall... To fol---low, by Love's....

p

gui - - - - - ding star... The maid who holds.... his heart in thral...

His gage.... his gage, and troth-plight to re - - - deem... He throws the

Flute.

pomp of war..... a - - - side, And with the mor - - - - ning's ri - - - sing

p

ritard.

beam, He'll claim and wed.... his vil - - - - lage bride.

hr

cres.

p

SONG OF THE SEA KING,

Glee,

Composed by Henry R. Bishop.

bright mead crown'd..... To the burden loud..... and gay.

rf *f* *f* *p* *mf* Cres. *f*

First Voice (Soprano)

"O mer--ri--ly live the Vi-kinger On the breast of the moody

Piano Forte

p

main, They..... laugh as it foams like a fro--ward steed That

chafes at the curb and rein... That chafes at the curb and rein!

Cres. *mf*

First Voice (Soprano)

Sotto voce.

O mer-ri-ly live the Vikinger On the breast of the moo-dy

Second Voice (Soprano)

Sotto voce.

O mer-ri-ly live the Vikinger On the breast of the moo-dy

Fourth Voice (Basso)

Sotto voce.

O mer-ri-ly live the Vikinger On the breast of the moo-dy

Piano Forte.

pp

main, They..... laugh as it foams like a froward steed That

main, They..... laugh as it foams like a froward steed That

main, They..... laugh as it foams like a froward steed That

chafes at the curb and rein, That chafes at the curb and rein!-

chafes at the curb and rein, That chafes at the curb and rein!-

chafes at the curb and rein, That chafes at the curb and rein!-

Cres.

mf

f

F

dim.

O_____ver its waves with pas_____sion pale..... In their sable barks.... they

In their sable

p dim. pp

dol.

go_ In their sa_ble barks they go.....

In their sa_____ble barks.....

barks they go_ In their barks they go.....

ritard. rf

..... Like Ra_____vens that scent in the rising gale..... While

ritard.

..... they go.

ritard.

..... a tempo.

f rf pp

ritard.

Largo.

blood . . . . . is a____bout . . . . . to flow . . . . . .

Where blood is a____bout . . . . . to flow . . . . . .

Largo.

Where blood is a____bout . . . . . to flow . . . . . .

Tempo I^mo

Wher_____e_ver the red gold they may win Or red_der ven_geance

reap . . . . . With a bridegroom's speed . . . . . to the bat_tle's

Or vengeance reap . . . . . With a bridegroom's speed_

din . . . . . They bound o'er the ha _____ zy

to the bat_tle's din They bound o'er the ha _____ zy

mf

deep . . . . . They bound o'er the ha_zy deep o'er the ha _____ zy

Largo. Slen?

Largo. piu Largo.

deep . . . . . o'er . . . . . the deep . . . o'er the

f *ff* *p* *pp*

Tempo Imo

deep.. The lank wolf looks.. from his ca_vern out_ As we sail the

The lank wolf looks from his ca _____ vern out_

deep..

Tempo Imo

Con Anima.

dark . . . . . shore by, ... And the Vul--ture turns not for shaft or

ritard.

Con Anima.

shout, For she knows her ban- quet nigh . . . . . .

She knows her ban- - - quet

She knows her ban- - - quet

dim.

Largo.

nigh, She knows her ban- - - - - quet nigh . . . . . .

nigh, She knows her ban- - - - - quet nigh . . . . . .

dim.

Tempo I^mo

p

O..... merrily live the Vikinger! The Lords of the stormy wa__ters! We

O merrily live the Vikinger! The Lords of the stormy wa__ters! We

O merrily live the Vikinger! The Lords of the stormy wa__ters! We

p Tempo I^mo

plough with the keel, And we reap with the sword, And we car__ry the glit__ter__ing

plough with the keel, And we reap with the sword, And we car__ry the glit__ter__ing

plough with the keel, And we reap with the sword, And we car__ry the glit__ter__ing

Dolce.

Harvest abroad For Denmark's fair-hair'd daughters!.. We car__ry the glittering

Harvest abroad For Denmark's fair-hair'd daughters!

Harvest abroad For Denmark's fair-hair'd daughters!

Cres: *mf*

ritard?

Slentando.

A Tempo.

Harvest abroad_ the glittering Harvest a___broad... For Denmark's fair - hair'd

For Denmark's fair - hair'd

For Denmark's fair - hair'd

ritard?

Soave.

daugh_____ters!_ For Denmark's fair___hair'd daugh____ters! For Denmark's

daugh_____ters!_ For Denmark's fair___hair'd daugh____ters! For Denmark's

daugh_____ters!_ For Denmark's fair___hair'd daugh____ters! For Denmark's

Largo.

fair - hair'd daugh_____ters!..

fair - hair'd daugh_____ters!..

fair - hair'd daugh_____ters!..

colla voce

cres.

F

SONG OF THE SEA-KING.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

"The Sea-Kings, or Vikinger (literally the Kings of the Bays), as the terrible rovers styled themselves who infested the Baltic and the Hazy, or German Ocean, during the eighth and ninth centuries, lived wholly in their war-ships, and roamed the deep in search of adventures. Never to sleep under a roof, or feast beside a hearth, were the boasts of these watery sovereigns. Nigellus, a contemporary poet, has forcibly and happily said, 'The Northmen sought their food by their sails, and *inhabited* the sea.' Their descents upon the neighbouring coasts were distinguished by the greatest ferocity, and the plunder they amassed enabled them sometimes to assault even provinces for permanent conquest. Gull-Siken, or the Golden Bay, is celebrated in the northern traditions."—Vide *Torfæus, Turner's Hist. Anglo-Saxons, &c.*

THE barks of the mighty Sea-King
Are moor'd in the Golden Bay:
And the horn goes round with the bright mead crown'd,
To the burden loud and gay.

Oh, merrily live the Vikinger!
On the breast of the moody main,
They laugh, as it foams like a froward steed
That chafes at the curb and rein!

Over its waves, with passion pale,
In their sable barks they go,
Like ravens that scent in the rising gale
Where blood is about flow.

Wherever the red gold they may win,
Or redder vengeance reap,
With a bridegroom's speed to the battle's din
They bound o'er the hazy deep.

The lank wolf looks from his cavern out
As we sail the dark shore by;
And the vulture turns not for shaft or shout,
For she knows her banquet nigh.

Oh, merrily live the Vikinger!
The lords of the stormy waters!—
We plough with the keel, and we reap with sword,
And we carry the glittering harvest aboard
For Denmark's fair-hair'd daughters!

THE HEART THAT I GAVE TO THEE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE heart that I gave to Thee
Has never come back to me,
For though you may spurn it,
You cannot return it,
Once chain'd it can never go free.
When beauty I chance to see,
Then fain would I bend the knee;
But listlessly kneeling
My vow wants true feeling,
Ah! where can my poor heart be?

You say that my heart is free
To rove like the summer bee,
Who, when a chill shower
Kills one pretty flower,
Flies off to a fresh rose tree;
But chill'd by a frown from Thee
Ah! what are new charms to me?
I lack when I view them,
The heart to pursue them,
Then where can my poor heart be?

THE HEART THAT I GAVE TO THEE.

Composed by Thomas Haynes Bayly.

ne_ver come back to me, For though you may spurn it, You

p Cres.

can_not re_turn it, Once chain'd, it can ne'er go free; When

Beau_ty I chance to see, Then fain would I bend the

knee, But list_lessly knee_ling, My vow wants true feeling, Ah!

where can my poor heart be?

Cres.

You say that my heart is free, To

Cres.

rove like the sum--mer Bee, Who when a chill show--er, kills

p

Cres.

one pret--ty flow--er, Flies off to a fresh rose tree; But

chill'd by a frown from Thee, Ah! what are new charms to

me? I lack when I view them, The heart to pur-sue them, Then

where can my poor heart be?

Cres

F

AIR DE BALLET.

Composed by T. Valentine.

Allegro non troppo

f

Cres.

Dim.

f

Ped.

Ped.

Ped
Ped

f

Scherzando.
Dim.
Ped.

8
Ped.

Ped. * Ped. *

loco.

Ped. *

Ped. *

Presto.

ff

MARCH,
from
Beethoven's Fidelio,

Arranged by I. Moscheles.

Vivace

Timp.

p

p

p

Cres.

f

ff

Cres.
cres.
cres.

BREATHE ME A LAY.

Composed by George Linley.

In moderate time & with much express.ⁿ

Dim: e ritard:

Breathe me a

Lay of Old Ro--mance, A Fes--tive, or a Bat-tle Strain;

Tell me of Knight---ly Steed, and Lance, But ne---ver sing of

Love a---gain! Ne---ver sing of Love a---gain!

For while I hang up----on thy Lute, And feel it

to my Spi--rit cling, I wish thy Lip of Pas--sion mute, I'd

Piu lento. Slentando. Espress.

have thee feel too much to sing, I'd have thee feel too

ad lib. A tempo.

much to sing. Then breathe me a Lay of old Romance, A Fes--tive,

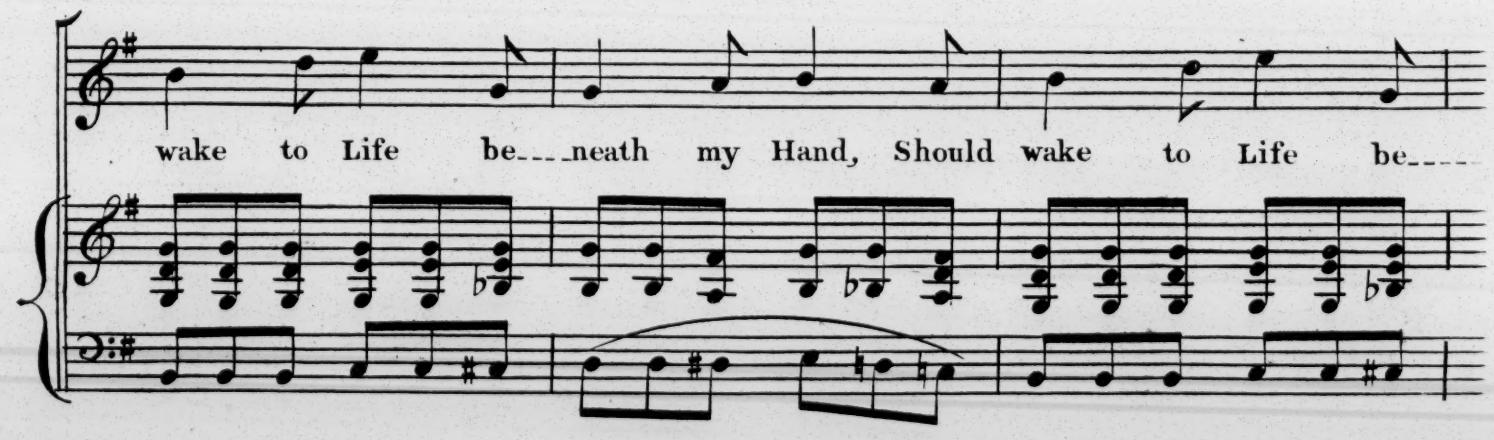
or a Bat--tle Strain; Tell me of Knightly Steed, and Lance, But

ne--ver sing of Love a--gain! Ne--ver sing of Love a---gain!

1f

I could touch the Lute like Thee, I'd tell Thee Tales of

Fai_____ry Land, And Forms of Light, and Chi_____val___ry, Should


wake to Life be___neath my Hand, Should wake to Life be____

---neath my Hand. But, did'st thou ask a

gen---tler Lay, And bid me sweep Love's trem---bling String, I'd

Piu lento.

cast the Lute in Haste a---way, For I should feel too

Slentando. Espress. ad lib.

much to sing! For I should feel too much to sing! Then

breathe me a Lay of Old Romance, A Fes___tive, or a

Bat__tle Strain, Tell me of Knight__ly Steed, and Lance, But

ne_ver sing of Love a__gain! Ne__ver sing of Love a___gain!

Dim e ritard.

THE REFUSAL.

Composed by G. Herbert Rodwell.

Allegretto.

Voce.

Piano Forte.

Nay, nay I can_not wed ye Sir,

That must your an_swer be; A Clown should ne'er his suit prefer, To a

court_ly Dame like me... A Clown should ne'er his suit prefer, To a

court_ly Dame like me.. To a court_ly Dame like me:

Go hence and tell some homely Maid, Of

sweet do_mes_tic bliss; Be_neath the rus_tic woodbine's shade, Go

hence and tell some home_ly Maid, My an_swer still is this, My

Piu Presto.

answer still is this.... Fa la la la la la la la la la la Fa la la la la la

la la la la la la Fa la la la la la la la la la la Fa la la la la la

la..... la la la la.....

Give

tempo primo.

me a Youth in a sil--ken vest, With a voice like Love's own

p

Lute, Or a War--ri--or Knight in Armour drest, He might my

fan-----cy suit... Or a War--ri--or Knight in Ar--mour drest,

f *p*

He might my fan-----cy suit..... He might my fan--cy suit:

f *f*

If Hymen's chains this heart *must*

f

wear, They shall be forg'd by Love; Go gen---tle swain, Go

gen--tle swain, Your suit for--bear, your suit for--bear, For no answer

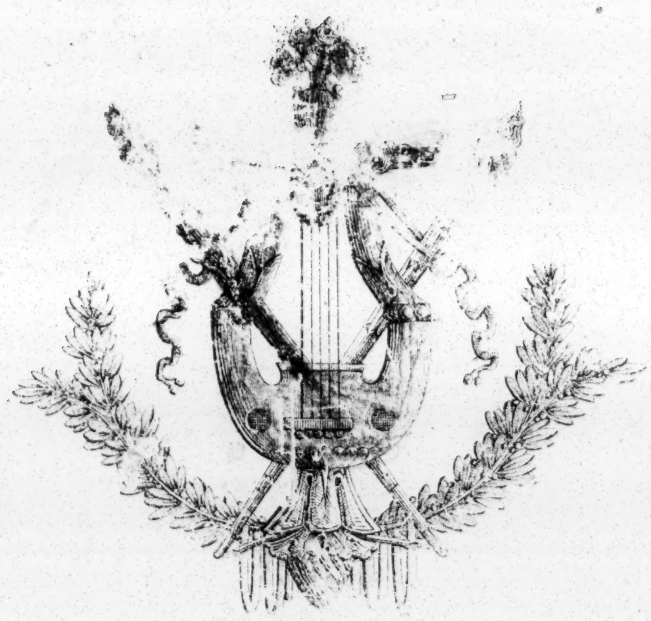
you will move, No an----swer you will move, But

Piu Presto.

Fa la la la la la la la la la Fa la la la la la la la la la la la

Fa la la la la la la la la la Fa la la la la la la..... la la la

la.....

f

ff